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Zeppelin



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Chapter 1 by Rix Quill

In bed on the night of the 23rd September 1916, my deep dreaming was smashed like a shattering window pane.

“Rob, Rob. Wake up quickly, son. Get your coat on,” said Dad, shaking my shoulder vigorously.

“We’ve got to go.”

“What’s happening, Dad? It feels like the middle of the night.”

“Look out of your window.”

I did as he asked, as always.

I rubbed the sleep from my half-opened eyes, pulled the coat from the bed and put it on over my pyjamas.

Outside, in the half-moon sky, there lurked something enormous and menacing, a massive mechanical monster drifting slowly towards our row of cottages. “What is it, Dad?”

“A German airship I believe. But there’s to be no lingering, son,” and he grabbed my coat sleeve and hauled me through the bedroom door.

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